

NEW YORK HERALD.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

- BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway-Rose O'Grady-Gay for Ladies-Barker, The Baron.
- STREET THEATRE, Broadway-Yong Hengler on the Bowery-Thomas, The Iron Chest-Ben the Boy.
- STREET THEATRE, Broadway-The Iron Chest-Ben the Boy.
- STREET THEATRE, Broadway-The Iron Chest-Ben the Boy.
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New York, Tuesday, May 27, 1856.

REMARKS FOR EXPORTERS.

The foreign market is quiet. The demand for cotton is not so strong as it was some time back. The price of cotton is now about 15 cents per pound. The price of sugar is about 10 cents per pound. The price of coffee is about 20 cents per pound. The price of tea is about 30 cents per pound. The price of rice is about 10 cents per pound. The price of wheat is about 100 cents per bushel. The price of corn is about 50 cents per bushel. The price of oats is about 30 cents per bushel. The price of barley is about 40 cents per bushel. The price of rye is about 30 cents per bushel. The price of clover is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of timothy is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of alfalfa is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of hay is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of straw is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of wood is about 20 cents per cord. The price of coal is about 20 cents per ton. The price of oil is about 20 cents per barrel. The price of flour is about 20 cents per barrel. The price of sugar is about 10 cents per pound. The price of coffee is about 20 cents per pound. The price of tea is about 30 cents per pound. The price of rice is about 10 cents per pound. The price of wheat is about 100 cents per bushel. The price of corn is about 50 cents per bushel. The price of oats is about 30 cents per bushel. The price of barley is about 40 cents per bushel. The price of rye is about 30 cents per bushel. The price of clover is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of timothy is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of alfalfa is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of hay is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of straw is about 20 cents per bushel. The price of wood is about 20 cents per cord. The price of coal is about 20 cents per ton. The price of oil is about 20 cents per barrel. The price of flour is about 20 cents per barrel.

The news.

We are still without news of the Baltic. She is now in her thirteenth day out.

Our Washington correspondent announces that the Cabinet yesterday adopted Mr. May's reply to the letter of Lord Clarendon, and that it, together with his passports, be handed to Mr. Crampton today. Read the money article in today's Herald, and look out for an earthquake in Wall Street.

We have intelligence from Kansas confirming the reports of the destruction of the town of Lawrence. The particulars are given on our first page. Persons direct from the scene of strife state that the townspeople made no opposition to the army by the Deputy Marshal, but that they refused to deliver up their private arms as required; whereupon Sheriff Jones, who commanded the posse, opened fire upon the town with artillery. A person, however, says that the inhabitants fired on the attacking party. The discrepancy is immaterial. The town has been reduced to ashes, and the pro-slavery party are masters of the field. With regard to the loss of life nothing definite is known, but it is believed to be considerable.

The Sumner and Brooks affair is rapidly nearing the climax accorded to all nine day wonders. The injured Senator is slowly recovering. Yesterday he gave an account of the affair, under oath, before the investigating committee of the House of Representatives. It accords with the statements furnished by our correspondents, save in a few unimportant details respecting his sensations while the assault was being committed. The conduct of both parties meets with the approbation of their friends in their respective States. There is a slight difference, however, in the manner of manifesting it. While in Massachusetts the sympathizers express their indignation through the medium of loud sounding resolutions, the citizens of South Carolina are subsiding for a more tangible testimonial of the merits of their champion.

Nothing of unusual interest happened in Congress yesterday. In the Senate the investigating committee on the Sumner affair were granted power to send for persons and papers. Mr. Welles presented a petition for a wagon road to connect California with the Atlantic States. He also introduced bills for the construction of military roads from the Western boundary of Missouri to Carson Valley, and from El Paso to Fort Yuma. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, made a speech in opposition to the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Topeka constitution. A bill was introduced designed to protect our citizens who may discover deposits of guano. In the House a resolution was adopted calling for information relative to the work on the Capitol and Post Office extension. There appeared to have been a waste of the public money in connection with the expenditures for this work, and an investigation will, it is alleged, develop some startling facts. Mr. Kelly, of this city, obtained leave to print a speech, proving that the soft shells are, as compared with the hard shells, the orthodox democracy of New York. Mr. Kelly is of opinion that the softs will be admitted to the Cincinnati Convention.

The excursionists to the Fishing Banks in the steamer Robert L. Stevens, on Sunday, respecting whose safety serious apprehensions were entertained, reached the city yesterday by various routes, having sustained no further injury than that occasioned by a severe fight. The steamer also arrived yesterday, in tow of a tug. She was run into by the schooner Francis A. Goodwin. Her damage is estimated at two thousand dollars. The schooner was unharmed. We give a graphic account of the accident and its incidents elsewhere.

Messrs. Farnsworth, Walters, Lyster, Morrison, Creighton and Hall, who have been during at upon the United States authorities for the past month, to answer a charge of filibustering, were yesterday, on motion of counsel, discharged by Judge Betts, the District Attorney being unable to produce the necessary witnesses.

The latest advices from Canada indicate the restoration of nearly all the recently resigned ministers under the direction of Mr. Tache, who is assigned the Premiership in place of Sir Allan McNab.

Postmaster Kendall, of New Orleans, has been tried on the charge of purloining money from letters, and acquitted by the jury.

The following statement was on Saturday printed on the books of the Baltimore Exchange: The brig Orlando, of Baltimore, bound for Baltimore for Fall River, has been detained at Old Point for having a negro on board. The captain writes, "that Mr. H. Roberts, the pilot of said brig, had been arrested, and the crew were lodged in jail at Hampton." This version of the story is probably incorrect. We know of no law that would justify such proceedings, unless the vessel was suspected of having runaway negroes on board. In that case they would be de-

tained for an examination; or in the event of the vessel putting into that place for any purpose, with a black crew, they would be lodged in jail for safe keeping until she was ready to depart.

One of our correspondents in China, dating at Shanghai, Foo-chow, and "at sea" along the coast, during the month of January, sends us three letters containing a large amount of matter, which will be found highly interesting, entertaining, and really useful. We publish them this morning. The writer describes the coast scenery, which is visible when approaching Shanghai, and also gives an able statistical resume both of the export trade and general business importance of that city. The social enjoyments which are within reach of the traveler are also alluded to, as well as the rare adventures which are to be met with on one of the large eastern steamers. It would appear that the navigation of the Yangtze-Kiang is anything but pleasant in rough weather, as well as being dangerous at all times, owing to the hordes of pirates which infest the waters. Foo-chow is a very large and curious old city, having an immense trade. Its population is quite extensive. In one of the letters we have an account of its area, inhabitants, rulers and public buildings, which is the result of the remarks made by three observant sons of "Young America" when on a tour within its walls. More candid men, young and old, will find much which concerns them in these letters, both as regards the mode of doing business and the currency prevailing amongst our Eastern friends. Captain Brown, of New London, who took a valuable cargo to Japan, and found the Perry treaty a dead letter, was in China, and the disappointments which he met with at Simoda and Hakodadi are reported.

From the Bahamas we have news from Nassau, N. P., to the 14th inst. The weather during several days had been exceedingly hot, and summer was fairly set in. Attorney General Hon. G. C. Anderson, with Rev. Henry Capers, who for many years has presided over the Baptist church in the colony, had taken passage for England.

Our advices from Turkey Islands are to the 2d inst. His Honor President Inglis was married at Turks Islands on the 26th ult. The Royal Standard of the 2d inst. says that nothing had been done during that week in the salt business. We have still on hand from 180,000 to 200,000 bushels. We understand many of the pans were making; but from yesterday's heavy rain it is to be presumed no more salt will be gathered for the next five or six weeks. The last sold brought 20 cents, and but little demand.

By an arrival at this port we have dates from Curacao to the 10th inst. American produce was in abundant supply.

The prices of cotton yesterday embraced about 1,500 to 1,600 bales, part of which was in transit, at unchanged prices. Flour was somewhat less active, but closed at about the quotations current on Saturday. Wheat advanced about 2c to 3c per bushel; Southern red brought \$1.65; Western do, \$1.55 to \$1.65, and good to prime Southern white, \$1.55 to \$1.65. Corn was in good demand, with fair sales for export, at full prices. Pork advanced from 75c to \$1 per barrel. Lard was firmer, with sales on the spot, and to arrive, at full prices. Sales of hams were confined to about 500 hhd. Cuba muscovado at steady prices. Transactions in coffee were limited, and prices unaltered. A fair business was done in freights to ports in Great Britain. For Liverpool about 5,000 bbls. flour were engaged, at 2s, and 15,000 to 20,000 bushels grain, in bulk and bags, at 6d. a bbl.

Progress of the War-The Price of Peace.

The plot thickens. Outrage begets outrage, and every outbreak of rage on one side leads to corresponding outbreaks on the other. If the country were actually plunged in civil war the language of the party press could not be more violent, more incendiary, more subversive of all law, order, good government and common sense. Yesterday the New York Daily Times overflowed with rage at the "ruffians," the "savages" who had resolved "in their vindictive hatred" to "slaughter" the men of Lawrence. The senior co-laborer of the Times, the New York Tribune, is still more violent. It positively curses the "myrmidons of border ruffianism," the "villain assassins," whose rumored attack on the city of Lawrence was "one of the most execrable crimes recorded in history," and whose "gigantic wickedness" caused all this "devastation and butchery." It characterizes the Southerners as "base and brutal," "ferocious blackguards," given to "cowardly, malicious, and atrocious conduct," and "inevitably prone to 'atrocities and outrages,'" and it considers that no man can be their friend unless he is willing to "skulk, to perorate and to lie." Nor are the organs of the nigger drivers one whit behind those of the nigger whippers in violence, bloodthirstiness and rage. The Richmond Whig is "rejoiced" at the savage assault of Brooks on Sumner; talks of his "slender back," and hopes that "the ball (i. e. personal outrages) may be kept in motion, and that Seward and others may catch it next." The Richmond Examiner—once an moderate able journal—says of Senator Sumner that, "when caned for cowardly vituperation, he falls to the floor an inanimate lump of incarnate cowardice." Such are the lengths of folly and nonsense and reckless violence which the party journals of this country have reached.

The leaders are not behind the papers. Their language, their tone, their plans, are as wild and senseless as the articles we have quoted. They are prepared to go as far as the most rabid editor. Nor is there any difference arising from locality. At Richmond and at Boston, at Charleston as at New York, the spirit of the politicians is the same. They are all, everywhere, for fighting, and violence, and destruction and bloodshed. If they cannot be muzzled and got out of the way, we shall all be cutting each other's throats before a twelvemonth, because we cannot agree about the best way of treating our negroes.

Is this the wind-up of the republic from which America, from which Anglo Saxons, from which humanity and the world expected so much? Have we lived eighty years—the only free republic on the globe—fourth our way, in spite of hostility from all Europe, and organic difficulties of our own, to a position not second to any living Power, in order that now we may give monarchists the satisfaction of seeing us combine to commit suicide? Have the principles of Jefferson and the maxims of Washington, and the teachings of the fathers and the preachings of the clergy brought forth so little fruit that we are going to war now, in our eightieth year, for as trivial a matter as any that ever served a capricious prince as a pretext of a war in Europe or Asia?

There is no hyperbole in these inquiries: they are earnest, simple, natural; they issue, spontaneously, from the heart of every man who has seen this country grow from the condition of a weak, half fledged dependency to that of one of the greatest empires in the world; who has watched our trade swell year after year, until now we feed and clothe half the human race, and our luxuries give employment to a large part of two great nations; who has seen our ships increase year after year, until now there is not a sea that does not reflect back our flag, or a wind that does not swell American canvases; who has felt, in En-

rope, that the country to which the eyes and hearts of all good men turn with fond yearning is the United States, and that that country is his own.

There is no question at all—it is a naked truth, that unless these unprincipled, infamous denagogues who are doing their best to set the people by the ears and to array the sixteen millions of the North against the nine millions of the South, can be silenced and crushed, all these hopes will be dashed, all this prosperity will be gone forever, and young men who read these lines may live to old age, and never know what it is to have a single day of unbroken peace. It seems an awful prospect; but the voice of history is clear; nothing else can happen unless the politicians, the traders in nigger capital, can be entirely conquered and overwhelmed.

Unless the conservative masses are willing to rouse themselves and refuse to pay the least attention to the nigger driving juggle to come off at Cincinnati, and the nigger worshipping juggle to come off at Philadelphia, nothing can help the country. If the people at large—farmers, merchants, manufacturers, every man who would lose anything by the ruin of the republic—choose to break down with a single blow the two nigger organizations—the one calling its self democrat, the other republican—it can be done; and that simply by the selection of unpledged electors this fall. One thorough, complete, uncompromising defeat would crush the two nigger parties so effectually that the country would have peace for some time afterwards; and it might be possible to define terms of general accommodation on the bigger question. Unless this victory be secured by the conservatives in the way we have indicated, the catastrophe at Lawrence and the assault on Senator Sumner are fair symptoms of what will become every day occurrences during the next four years.

SAINTS AND SINNERS—A NEW PACIFICATION.

We see that some of the Know Nothing papers in this city have been thrown into a state of great excitement by the announcement of the ceremonial which is to take place on the 10th of June at St. Mary's church, Hoboken, on the occasion of the translation of the relic of St. Quetus, martyr, which have been presented to the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Canvin, by Pope Pius IX. Of all the saints in or out of the calendar, we should imagine that the holy man who bore this name would be the least exorable to our contemporaries. If saints exercise any influence over the affairs of this sinful world, St. Quetus is just the controlling power that we want in the present stormy crisis of our affairs. Between paganism in the church, rodayism in the Senate and rodayism in our hotels, we want some more efficient peace preservers than our pulp-drum parsons, waiter-slaying senators and insolent policemen.

We, therefore, approve highly of any fresh auxiliaries to the conservation of law and order—they be the bones of dead saints, or what we should much prefer, the realization of living ones. There is more in the philosophy of the Catholic church in this respect than its opponents give it credit for. The influence exercised over the mind through the medium of such dogmas can be most usefully employed. There is a poetry and beauty in them which fascinate the imagination and which prepare it for the reception of more material truths. The bitterest enemies of Catholicism cannot but admit that to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was owing the first elevation of woman in the social scale. Until that sublime idea first taught men to examine into all the purposes and bearings of her mission, she was regarded as little better than a domestic slave.

As St. Quetus may possibly exercise a soothing influence over some of the angry elements which are at work amongst us, we can have no possible objection to his translation to our soil. We will even go farther, and say that if there is any advantage to be derived from the presence of such mementos, we ought to import them on a larger scale. The Pope, who, we believe, is sadly in want of money, would probably let us have a shipload of them on advantageous terms. Why not raise a subscription, and do the thing handsomely at once? At the same time, we must caution Archbishop Hughes, who is a sensible and practical man in the main, not to be led into extremes by the encouragement thus given him. He must bear in mind that ridicule is a more dangerous weapon than abuse, and that if he should carry his taste for osteology too far he will run the risk of being styled the Barnum of the Bonish church.

POLITICS AND PARSONS.—The disgraceful scene which has recently been enacted in the Senate chamber at Washington has been eagerly seized upon by the Beecher class of parsons in New York and New England as a text on which to construct inflammatory harangues from the pulpit. These parsons are becoming as virulent and foul mouthed as the very politicians themselves. Indeed, they rather exceed the latter in the coarseness of their political sermons and in the vituperative and treacherous language in which they indulge. They have brought the pulpit into disgrace, and have degraded the temple of the living God into something hardly above the level of Tammany Hall. Human nature is still human nature, however much we may try to modify it by conventionalities. Mr. Sumner, in his studied discourse on Kansas, gave gross offense to the State of South Carolina and her venerable Senator, Mr. Brooks, with that over-fervency of disposition which a Southern sun—and perhaps the Irish blood which he is said to have in his veins—impart, acted rashly—inexcusably so. But he was actuated by the same idea as might have inspired a Rhoderic Dhu in a similar case—

He rights wrong where he is given, Although 'twere in the Court of Heavens.

However opposed to our sense of propriety Mr. Brooks' conduct in the affair was, we must not forget that there was a great provocation to one of his temperaments in the speech of Mr. Sumner; and it seems, after all, to be but an insignificant matter to raise such a grand hullabaloo about. It seems to us that those very parsons who make it the text of their political sermons, are themselves in a great measure responsible for the act, from their systematic efforts on every Sabbath to fan and keep alive the spirit of discord between the North and South. The poisoned chalice is commended to their own lips. Like the Pharisees of old, they can see the mote that is in their brother's eye, but cannot discern the beam that is in their own eye. We commend to them the moral of the text.

Senator James' New Patent Law—A New Political Machine.

Senator James, the Chairman of the Committee on Patents, has reported to the Senate and recommended the passage by that body of an act entirely remodelling the whole system of patents in this country. We have carefully examined this new project, and find it impossible to approve even a single suggestion it contains.

It is indeed impossible that the Senate will regard it as an attempt to organize another spoils department at Washington, with limitless means of making money, of buying up and selling out friends—in short, another land system, another Indian Department. It is only a bill—a project—but it was heralded to the world by a most singular unanimity of endorsement by the newspaper correspondents at Washington. It was suddenly approved, and so earnestly approved by all the news reporters—the telegraph was so liberally employed to herald and proclaim its birth, that to suggest the possibility of its not being an excellent measure was a species of heresy.

Now, the bill before us is perhaps the most cunningly devised scheme by which great power was to be concentrated in the Patent Office, and vast means of corruption secured to the Patent Commissioner, which has ever been devised in this country. It starts off in the first section by giving the Commissioner judicial functions. The second makes an inventor of a man who steals a work not discovered or published in this country. The sixth gives to patents and assignments extension from five to twenty years, at the option of the Commissioner. By the present laws the patents alone have the right of extension after fourteen years to twenty-one years, on proof that the inventor has derived no advantage from his patent. The sixth section cuts off the inventor entirely, and confers the right of extension upon the assignee. The seventh section exempts patents from attachment for debt. This is evidently intended to cover the operations of the speculators, and even to shield them against the obligations they may have incurred to the inventor himself. The Spaniards have a maxim that it is better to be an executor than an heir; so with Mr. James, it is by far better to be an assignee than an inventor. By the ninth section the Commissioner of Patents is authorized to appoint limitless agents. The power to appoint draws with it a reasonable compensation.

Then comes the organic powers of the scheme. The eleventh section takes away appeals to the Chief Justice and the Judges of the Circuit Courts, and concentrates upon the Commissioner the final decision of all questions relating to the granting and extending of patents. It is followed in the succeeding section by an elaborate system of fees on the hearing of all questions before the Commissioner—and these may be enlarged from the sum of about thirty dollars under existing laws, to near three hundred and fifty dollars. It is easy to see that patent differences would be wonderfully multiplied under such an arrangement, and that the Commissioner would be exposed to terrible temptations to prolong disputes. The thirteenth section takes from the Courts the power of determining the validity of patents and confers it upon the Commissioner; and the eighteenth section gives to that functionary a million a year of printing patronage, which, if we consider the immense power proposed to be conferred upon him otherwise in the bill, we cannot regard as too much.

Now, here is a scheme of magnificent proportions. Under it the office of Commissioner of Patents will be worth, in the hands of any first rate politician, five hundred thousand dollars a year. An honest man could not fail to get rich out of it—that is if his honesty was conventional only, and he was willing to take "all the law allows." The literal of the bill is this—that it proposes to set up a patent fraud machine, by which fortunes are to be ground out of any conceivable height, depth and breadth. Pass it, and Colt and Goodyear, and all the patent men at Washington—the whole "five thousand assignees"—will be at once the friends of the Commissioner. Five thousand assignees, with millions of value exempt from execution! They can afford to be liberal—they will be liberal. Ten to one they are liberal now even, in anticipation of the passage of Mr. James' bill.

The Committee on Patents, then, think it well enough to enlarge the number of inventors—to increase the sum total of American geniuses—by special enactments. They make a man a discoverer of everything not invented or published in this country! That is certainly an original way of rewarding merit—who most expert thief is not only protected by the law, but all the people are to be required to pay him a tax for twenty years, as a reward for the enterprise he manifested in importing an invention before some body else.

If we refer to the simple fact that the city of Washington maintains thousands of agents—land agents, claim agents, patent agents, pension agents, corporation and railroad agents—an army of mercenary leeches, sucking at the treasury, besieging Congress for the passage of laws by which the treasury is to be tapped—bribing, corrupting and demoralizing members—we shall be able better to understand the object and scope of the new Patent bill. It is a species of passport to commit legal fraud upon the people. It is a rival effort to make the Patent Office what the Land and Indian offices have ever been—a sink of iniquity—a scene of plunder—a disgrace to the Union.

But is it necessary thus to put up the inventive genius of the country at auction? What else is the purpose of the Senate bill? The rights of every inventor by it are lodged in the hands of a Commissioner, without appeal; and that functionary, besides possessing the exclusive power of assigning rewards, is backed by a printing disbursement fund of a million a year.

VIRGINIA AND MR. PIERCE.—The organ of the Kitchen Cabinet in Washington, in announcing the election in Virginia of two or three delegates for Cincinnati, asserts that the delegation from that State will be against Buchanan, and adds:—

In this case the New York Herald, and other influential publications, have been misrepresenting what are for political effect; and in so doing they have injured the cause they have at heart—the prevention of the re-nomination of President Pierce.

The organ is mistaken; it misrepresents our position entirely. We are in favor of the nomination of Mr. Pierce by the Cincinnati Convention. We are desirous that he should have one more chance to run for the White House. We have no fears of the result. If the Convention will nominate him, we shall consider it a favor not to be overlooked.

GRANTS FOR RAILROADS AND FOR INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.—Under the high pressure operations of the omnipotent lobby at Washington, Congress has passed this session some four bills donating several millions of acres of the public land to aid in the construction of railroads in the West and Southwest. Forced through without debate and in defiance of everything like propriety or decency, they have received the approval and signature of the President and have become laws. The grant for one State alone—Iowa—absorbs between four and five million acres, and the consequences is that the public lands there have had to be closed to private entry until the rapacious speculators shall have had their claims satisfied. Two bills of an internal improvement character—for deepening the channel over the St. Clair flats, Michigan, and for removing obstructions in the mouth of the Mississippi—have been also passed this session. They involved a drain upon the public treasury of perhaps one-twentieth the amount of that which it will require to satisfy one of those villainous railroad grants; but Mr. Pierce—consistent man that he is—vetoed them on the ground of "constitutional impediments to the prosecution of a system of internal improvements by means of appropriations from the United States treasury."

Now, it would require the astuteness of a Philadelphia lawyer to discover how it is that it is unconstitutional to improve the tracks of commerce by the aid of the general government, and not unconstitutional to donate the public domain in aid of the building of railroads. The mouth of the Mississippi is as much a highway of national commerce as is the Gulf of Mexico, and the value of the products that annually cross the St. Clair flats has been estimated at some hundred millions of dollars. Yet the national government, with Mr. Pierce at its head, has no power to make appropriations for the deepening of these channels, and can, nevertheless, recklessly alienate the public property for the benefit of a few unprincipled railroad corporations. The one may be necessary for the security of life and property, for facilitating commerce, for benefiting the farmers, the manufacturers, the producers, and the mercantile classes of those sections of country more intimately affected thereby; but such considerations have no weight comparable to the influence exercised by a corrupting lobby when set in action by schemers, plunderers and monopolists. Therefore, the internal improvement bills are vetoed, and the landjobbing railroad bills approved and signed.

Now, can any rational, clear-headed man discover the shadow of a reason which could have honestly operated on the President in making this odious discrimination? We cannot believe so. If the constitutional objections to the one were, in Mr. Pierce's mind, insurmountable, those same objections applied with ten times more force to the other. The mode, too, in which the railroad swindles were effected was not unknown to him. It was no secret in Washington. The speculators and their agents were there in full force; and the few honest men left in Congress were, under the operation of the new gag law, debarred from the opportunity of exposing the nefariousness of the schemes. That fact alone would have constituted a good ground for vetoing them. But with the full knowledge of the enormity of these swindling measures, and of the mode in which they were passed—at least in the House of Representatives—the President approves and signs them, and the land, which is the property of the people, is handed over—in quantities larger than some German principalities—to speculators, who regard the general government as but a mere institution to be plundered by such cheats as themselves.

The creation by such means of a system of landed monopolies in this country is sincerely to be deprecated. It will in time lead to deplorable results. But perhaps the worst effect of this overshadowing cloud of corruption at Washington is, that it cannot but react upon the moral atmosphere of the country at large. The example of our public men must sooner or later spread its contagion through the people; and when that effect is once produced, then farewell republicanism and liberty; for without public and private morality a republic cannot exist. Let our citizens see to it that the great governmental fabric raised by our fathers, cemented by their blood, and rendered sacred by their virtues, be not undermined and demolished by the dishonesty and corruption which taint the very atmosphere of the national capital.

MR. CRAMPTON'S DISMISSAL.—It is definitely understood that Mr. Crampton is to receive his passports to-day at noon, and that a most conciliatory letter to the British government will explain at the same time that the Minister is dismissed on personal grounds alone, and that this government seeks no rupture with that of England. There will be none, certainly: there is no animosity in either country, save in the bosom of a few politicians whose national prejudices are their stock in trade; and under no circumstances would the dismissal of a Minister, on no contested view of principle lead to any interruption of the amicable relations existing between countries so closely allied as Great Britain and the United States.

At the same time, it is clear that it is not the fault of the administration that we are not at war with England. The manner in which the controversy has been carried on, the lawyer-like special pleading of Mr. Marcy, the grossly insulting articles of the President's special organ, show that it was the hope and the calculation of Franklin Pierce to obtain a second term as Mr. Madison did by declaring war on England. Had Mr. Marcy behaved as Mr. Clayton did, when he dismissed Mr. Pousin for supposed insolence, there would have been no trouble at all. The English would have received Mr. Crampton coolly, and would have sent a new Minister without a word of contention. Pierce tried to embitter while Marcy tried to lengthen out the dispute; between them and Clarendon and Palmerston it almost assumed national proportions. The last despatch of Lord Clarendon, however, precludes the possibility of any rupture; and the only effect of Mr. Crampton's dismissal will probably be to overthrow the Palmerston government in England.

SENATOR SUMNER.—Much parade is made about this gentleman just now, and the republicans are straining every nerve to make a real martyr of him. It is with real sorrow that the Tribune is forced to admit he is getting better. He is described as being the most wonderful scholar, the most eloquent orator, and the most finished gentleman ever produced in this country. Yet, somehow, his speech, which has

been pretty extensively circulated throughout the country, hardly bears out these eulogies. It is a very singular compound, in which violent personalities and very coarse, ungentelemanly language occur quite frequently. To realize this, let us suppose a foreign case: let us suppose that M. de Lamar-tine were to call M. Troplong or M. de Persigny a "chuck," and talk of his "filling the Senate chamber with stench when he switched his tongue;" this would not be very gentlemanly, would it? Or let us suppose that some such member of the British House of Peers as Lord Dorchester or Lord E. Pembroke were to take an opportunity when the aged and venerable Lord Lyndhurst were absent, to say that he couldn't open his mouth without lying, to insult the infirmities or his age by alluding to the "loose exhortation of his speech;" and to sneer generally at the old man, at his birthplace, and his country; this would not appear on this side the water to be any very striking proof of good manners, or delicacy, or scholarship. Yet those were the words Mr. Sumner applied to Senators Douglas and Butler.

There is no excuse, of course, for the brutality of Brooks, whose assault on a Senator in the Senate chamber, in the manner and way described, cannot be too severely reprobated. But all the wrong was not on his side, and the truth ought not to be concealed because his offence was the more glaring and shocking.

Both men, and both outrages—for in some sense Mr. Sumner's speech was an outrage—were types of the parties to which they belong.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—Mr. Bourcicault's New Play.

The appearance of an elaborate criticism, of nearly two columns in length, in one of our daily contemporaries, the authorship of which can hardly be mistaken, rather prejudiced us, as we had seen against the new piece by Mr. Bourcicault, now playing at Jordan's. The suddenness and unexpected character of the encomium passed upon the author, and the actor—for Mr. Bourcicault conjures these two individuals in his own person—together with certain poetical and high down-statement in regard to the heroine or that piece, in which newspaper critics are not in the habit of indulging, reminded us of some old familiar tricks attributed to the London playwrights, and which, we believe, the author of "London Assurance" is not altogether unskilled. We felt justified in the conclusion that so much trumpeting betokened anything but a strong conviction of the merits of the new piece, and we were prepared to give our verdict accordingly.

Some time we have done Mr. Bourcicault, or rather he has done himself, great injustice. His last production does not require any forcible aid to recommend it to the favor of the play-going public. Sarcastic as he is in it against the vanity of the press, it is surprising that he should make such free use of it as a weapon against his own interests. He must have been struck with the folly of this effort to anticipate the judgment of the public by the thinness of his audience last night. All the finesse, the delicate self-laudation, and the poetical gallantry of his newspaper claps, failed to muster the Heges in any force. The lesson was a marked one, and we hope he will profit by it.

And now let us speak of the piece itself. Candidly and without prejudice, it is the best and most artistically constructed drama that has been produced on our boards for many a long day. The plot is ingenious, and for one original, the situations new and effective, the dialogue sparkling and full of exaltation, and the transitions from the pathetic to the humorous so easy and natural that one's feelings are kept in continual excitement. The character of Grimaldi, round whom the interest of the whole piece centres, is one of those fine conceptions like Grandfather Whitehead and Monsieur Jacques, which but few dramatic authors are happy enough to give birth to. It has, however, infinitely more force and takes a wider grasp of our sympathies than either of those characters. All the merit of the latter lies in a few peculiarities. That of Grimaldi lies in its exquisite combination of all the delicate susceptibilities which we find in the others, with a greater breadth of design. He is at once simple-minded, yet deeply versed in the ways of the world; tender-hearted, yet firm and uncompromising in the hour of trial. The peculiar construction of his plot has enabled Mr. Bourcicault to unite with these characteristics some artistic features which impart to it additional interest. Thus, in the scene with Julia, and in the dramatic lessons of the old man to his adopted daughter, we see the dignity of art vindicated against the vile and grovelling impulses by which it is too frequently trammelled. In a word, in his conception of this character Mr. Bourcicault has secured far above any of his previous efforts. Had he written that his one piece, it would have been sufficient to give him a high place amongst English dramatic authors.

Of his personation of the part we have to speak in the same terms of unqualified praise. In writing it, he had evidently adapted it to his own strength, and he has had the judgment to make salient only those features to which he was conscious of being able to do justice. The result is a delicate and finished performance, acted out by imperceptible shades rather than by bold effects, but yet complete and satisfactory as a whole. Mr. Bourcicault has taken his ideal from the person rather than from the English stage, and the consequence is that in the few parts which he has created for himself he has the advantage of standing alone. So complete a success of author and actor as we witnessed last night has but few precedents in the annals of the stage.

The Violet of Miss Agnes Robertson can hardly be said to be adopted to her powers, although, as in every thing that she does, she fascinated the audience by the sweetness and grace of her action and the tenderness of expression which she infused into some of the touching passages with which it abounds. Her husband, we think, has acted rather a selfish part in fitting himself so well, and in creating for her a part which also lacks strength to fill satisfactorily.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the piece is a great success, and will do more for the fame of its author than any of his previous creations. Mr. Bourcicault is truly a remarkable man. He not only writes good plays, but acts them well; and, to crown his achievements, literally guides the public to an appreciation of their merits.

Laura Keane's Varieties.—The New Play of "Jane Eyre."

"Jane Eyre," an adaptation, by John Brougham, from the novel of that name, which has been underlined for some time, was produced at this establishment last night, and was greeted by an overflowing and indulgent audience.

The same piece, in three acts, was produced at the Bowers theatre some four years since, and was deemed a success. It has since been revived, and amended and amplified into five acts, and in this form was presented to the public last night.

The plot, which only varies from the story sufficiently to give it dramatic interest, runs as follows:—Jane Eyre (Miss Laura Keane) is an orphan, and teacher in a charity school at Lowood, a semi-philanthropic institution, where the pupils are starved and the instructors subjected to the most degrading servitude. Jane Eyre being a young lady of high spirit and intense aspirations, is, of course, disgusted, and adventures for a situation as governess. She receives an answer from Miss Fairfax, the housekeeper of a mysterious mansion some two miles distant, owned by a mysterious gentleman named Rochester, (G. W. Jordan); here she is installed, though for what purpose it is difficult to tell, as her principal business seems to be to "oblige" an old dowager Lady Ingram (Miss Mary Wells), to "faint" at the idea of coming in contact with a "governess," and take moonlight walks in the grounds, where she encounters the mysterious Mr. Rochester for the first time, on his return home from a journey. An intense, mysterious and mutual affinity is instantly formed, notwithstanding the presence in the house of Lady Blanche Ingram (Miss Kate Belvidere), to whom he is understood to be betrothed. There is a good deal of play between Jane and Rochester, (T. B. Johnston), Rochester's ineffectual servant, and Grace Pool (Miss Carpenter), who constantly talks about, drinking beer, eating bread and cheese, and being in mysterious mysteriousness, and seems to be the repository of all the secrets of the mysterious mansion.

In the meantime Jane Eyre suffers from the violence of the rough weather, the Lady Dowager and her daughter, Lady Blanche, and her sister, Lord Throckmole Ingram (G. W. Robinson), to whom she has administered a wholesome lesson. Rochester arrives at a crisis, after the representation of some fashionable tea-